The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

A Fable for the Discontented.

ONE day in discontented mood,
I quite forgot to see the good
That Providence with loving hand
Had caused around my path to stand.
So every wish ungratified,
And every need left unsupplied,
And all the evils in my way,
I marshalled forth, in dark array;
Until Joy fled before the weight,
And Hope sat drooping at the gate.

I fell asleep: a rumbling sound
Awoke me; and on looking round,
I saw advancing, with a club,
A man who rolled an empty tub.
Diogenes;—I knew his name,
And guessed for my reproof he came.
I rose in haste to give a chair,
His tub was turned: he seated there.
I quickly spoke, without ado,
"I sent no medium, sir, for you,
And no clairvoyant in my name
Can intercourse with spirits claim."

He looked at me, and *such a frown!*
It almost put my courage down.
Said he: "You have too much your way,
Yet discontent mars every day.
Far too much time and too much care,
You spend in planning what to wear:
Be sure you clothe the soul within,
And keep it free from taint of sin.
Advantages you've many more,
Than your good parent had before;
If with your chances you complain,
Pray what will be your children's claim?
For furniture throw off your care,
And take a pattern from my chair.
For dainty curtains don't repine,
They'd only 'keep out your sunshine.'
'Nothing for Pride' your motto be:
But cultivate sweet Charity.
Be sure that righteous are your ways,
And do not strive for worldly praise.
And better far than wealth you'll find,
The joy of a contented mind."

"I will remember this," I said,
And strange enough, he bowed his head
And smiled: then vanished into air,
And I, this record did prepare. *H. H. D.*

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER V.

AS SOON as the boys had been well fed at the farmer's generous table, John stretched his arms with a lazy yawn, and said:

"I believe I am about ready to take to the stack again. It seems to me that I could sleep another twelve hours as well as not."

"Oh, you need not take an outdoors nap this time, I will let you have a good bed and shelter for the night, with pleasure."

"Oh, thank you," said Alf. "But we must not accept your kind offer. We have a long journey to make, and time is very important to us. We must get on our feet at once, and away."

"I really hope you are not going to leave here to-night. It must be *very* urgent business that will keep travellers on the road all night."

"Yes," said Alf, "our business *is* urgent, and we have no time to lose."

"I had begun to think," said the farmer laugh-

ing, "that you were street preachers. But that cannot be, for you surely would not expect to preach in the night, when everybody was asleep, and there were no ears to hear your message."

"Oh, no! We are not intending to preach, and if we were preachers, one sermon a day ought to be sufficient, and that, you said yourself that we had already given."

"Very true. I shall not soon forget the sermon on angels, that I pushed out of a boy with the point of my pitchfork. It did me more good than most of the Sunday sermons that I hear."

"Perhaps if the preachers in the churches were stirred up as vigorously as I was, they would have their ideas quickened."

"That's a good idea," said the farmer, laughing again. "I think I will try taking the pitchfork to meeting some Sunday, and see if it will not keep the minister and myself both awake."

The boys laughed heartily at this idea, and after offering to pay for their supper,—an offer which the farmer stoutly refused, saying that the sermon was more than an equivalent for the supper—they bade their pleasant host good bye, and took to the road again. Though they had been but an hour in his company, they felt quite as if they were leaving a friend, when they parted from him.

"I am sure this would be a nice world, if all the people in it were as good as this farmer," said John, as they walked away from the house where they had been so hospitably treated.

"How do you know that it is not a nice world? You speak as if the question were settled that the world is a bad world."

"Oh no! I did not mean that I knew the world to be a bad world."

"Well, you said *if:* and that word always means a great doubt."

"I have not tried the world much, yet, Alf. But I shall be surprised if we find all the people in it as good as the man from whom we have just parted."

"Well, we will not borrow trouble about that. I don't know why we are not as likely to meet with fifty good men before we reach New York, as we were to meet that one. At least I think it is safe to make this rule, *Believe all men good until you prove them to be bad.*"

"I don't know whether that will always do."

"Well, I am resolved to try it, and see whether it will do."

The opportunity came to try it, sooner than Alf had expected. After they had walked until about midnight, they were beginning to get a little tired, when Alf said:

"John, this silence is growing dreadful to me. I wish we could meet some traveller on this lonely highway."

"I don't know that I do. If we were to meet or overtake a traveller, and he should turn out to be a highwayman, we should wish we had gone on without company."

"But you know I am going to believe *every* man honest that we do meet, until he proves the contrary."

"Hark!" says John. "I hear wheels coming now."

"No, I think it is the wind in the pines."

The boys listened attentively, and it must be confessed that both of them felt some excitement. Was there really a living person coming toward them through the darkness? The sound was yet far away and indistinct. John dropped down upon his face on the road, and laid his ear close to the ground.

"What are you doing?" said Alf.

"I am listening to see if I can tell what this sound is."

"Who ever taught you that trick?"

"Father taught it me. But I think he learned it from the Indians."

"Well, what do you hear?" said Alf, after John had been listening for a moment.

"It is certainly the sound of wheels. There is a carriage coming."

The boys were again silent, uttering no farther word but walking slowly on. When the carriage came close, a voice called to them:

"Hollo! friends. You are late out to-night."

The voice was coarse and unpleasant. It was too dark for the boys to see, more than that there were two men in the carriage, that in the dim light they seemed larger than ordinary men.

John reached out and took hold of Alf's hand. Alf felt that it was no time for him to show fear. So with a firm voice he said in answer to the question.

"Yes, we are rather later than usual travellers."

"And where may you be going at this late hour, if I may be permitted the question," said the same coarse voice.

"We were going on as far as Mindon, to-night."

"As far as Mindon? Well I hope you have

good strong legs to make the journey, for Mindon is twenty miles from here."

"Yes, thank you," said Alf. "We are pretty strong and quite willing, which is more than strength you know."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind accepting the help of a horse's legs for a part of the journey. We are going about ten miles of your way, and you can ride with us if you like."

The boys hesitated before they replied. Strong as the temptation was to rest their tired legs, their fear at this moment seemed greater than their fatigue. John pressed Alf's hand with a motion which said, as plainly as any words could have done, "Don't do it."

Words with his lips he dared not speak, lest he should be overheard by the men in the carriage. He waited with a throbbing heart to hear what reply Alf would make to the invitation.

It must be confessed that Alf was a little hesitant. Though he had said, that very night, that he was resolved "to believe every man good, until he proved himself bad," he did not find it so easy, when he came to the trial of his faith, to put it into practice.

The long silence was about the same as a refusal, and the men in the carriage grew impatient. The one whose voice had not been before heard, said to his companion:

"Drive on. Surely you don't want to force a favor upon anybody, do you?"

"No. I am not forcing a favor, but I would wait until I was sure that it was refused, after I have offered one."

"Well, come on then, let us go. These children are not intending to ride with us."

"There's no law to compel them to ride, if they prefer to go a-foot. But I for one should be very happy of their company, if they *will* ride with us."

By this time, Alf had found his voice. He was resolved to be true to his word, and believe in these men, unless he was compelled by their own acts to condemn them. So speaking as if he had never thought of fear, he said:

"Thank you for your kind invitation, I believe we will accept it."

John was terrified when he heard this decision. He had not thought it possible that Alf would venture to put himself into the power of these men, so much as he must do, if he accepted the favor they offered, and got into the carriage with them. But the decision was made. Alf's words had committed them for the ride, and so, however much he might tremble and fear in the act of accepting the offer, there seemed now no other way.

In another moment the boys had climbed into the carriage, taken the unoccupied seat, and were speeding over the road at a much quicker rate than they could have done on their own feet.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

The Open Door.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in and bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

Child's Paper.

For the Myrtle.

How Poll Went Into The Cage.

"MAMMA," shouted Harry running into the work room, "Poll's out of her cage." And as he got through the door he repeated in a lower but quite as excited tone, "Mamma! Poll's out of her cage!"

"Poll out of her cage!" said his mother, anxiously, "where is she?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said he.

Just then Poll stepped over the doorsill, and came in with grave, stately mien. "Poll out of her cage?" she repeated, and looked up quizzically with one eye, as if she knew what she was saying. And then she called out at Harry sharply, "Poll out of her cage."

"Yes, you naughty bird," cried Harry. "What ever *shall* we do, mamma?"

"We must get her in somehow," said his mamma. "You run and get the cage and shut the door quickly behind you."

Harry soon came with the cage, but Poll was not at all inclined to go in. In fact, she stood on her dignity, and looked up at Harry with a very keen, rebellious eye.

Harry reached his hands out carefully and she pecked at him. Then he grew cross and scolded.

"You're a bad, ugly old Poll, to get out! Go back into your cage. Shoo! go back!" And he got behind her and tried to drive her. But Poll only screamed and cawed and cried, "go away! go away!" till the cat was frightened nearly out of her wits, and Harry did not like to go near her.

His mother had been looking on to see Harry manage. Now she held out a cracker to him slyly, and said, "Suppose you try coaxing a while."

Harry took the cracker and went and sat down by the cage. "Polly want a cracker?" said he.

Polly looked around, and then fixed her eye on him as if to see if he really meant so.

"Polly want a cracker? Pretty Polly!" said he.

"Pretty Polly!" echoed Poll, and stepped a step nearer to Harry.

Harry kept calling and coaxing, and Poll kept stepping nearer. "Polly want a cracker? Pretty Polly!" she repeated in the best of nature.

When she got nearly there, Harry put the cracker in the cage, and Poll stepped right in after it, and he shut the door of the cage, and she never seemed to notice what had happened.

But Harry's mother said, "People are very much like parrots in that, my son. They can be coaxed by kind words where they cannot be driven by hard ones. Whenever you want to get anybody to do anything, just remember how you got Poll into the cage." *H. A. B.*

Touching Incident.

A little news boy, attempting to jump from a street car, the other day, fell under the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him. On her arrival she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "*I sold four newspapers—and—the—the—money is in my pocket!*"

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

For the Myrtle.

Aid and Comfort.

"What shall we send to Chicago?"

It was not for the sufferers generally that this question was asked at the farm-house, but for their particular part of the sufferers, Uncle Henry and Aunt Carry and Nannie, from whom they had just heard by telegram, "We have lost everything—store, house, clothing, all."

Of course there was no question about some things. A great box came out, and two suits of clothing complete, for each member of the family, went into it. That would do for the first instalment, mother said, until they had time to make

something new. But the question came when they began to fill in the corners. Each wanted to send some especial token of sympathy and love, something that would be especially useful, and that would be likely to be forgotten by everybody else.

Mother put in her corner a big comfort-bag, with needles, pins, thread, scissors, thimble, buttons and other like things quite too numerous to mention, and father brought from town full nice sets of toilet articles for all three. Then Nelly and Sue divided with Nannie their collars and cuffs, laces, ribbons, even their bracelets and charms. Dear Nannie, who had such pretty dresses and ribbons, that were their delight and almost their envy when she was there the summer before, to think they should now be asking her to share their modest little treasures they had hardly dared show to her! Many a pretty gift of her own went back to her in this time of need.

But grandma went down to the village all by herself and bought something in a large square package, and shut herself up in her room for an hour or two, and nobody knew what she was doing, only that she took all the albums in the house with her. When she came out and showed her work, all were delighted, and mother said, "I think they will want to see these if ever they did," and with tearful eyes the package went in its corner, with "Grandma's gift" written on the outside.

So the box went on its swift errand of comfort, and was dumped down with a thousand others at the Chicago end of the route, and an expressman searched it out, and carried it to the friend s house where they were staying: and it went in at that waiting door only three days after it went out of the door of the New England farm-house.

Uncle Henry in his one old coat, and aunt Carry in a borrowed dress, a world too wide and several inches too short, and Nannie in a short-sleeved summer dress and high apron, that their friend had found among the old-fashioned clothing of her now grown-up children,—gathered around the box. The cover was soon off, and the nice, comfortable garments laid out one after another.

"'Grandma's gift.' Oh, may I look at that first, mamma?" cried Nannie.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "I presume it is tea, or sugar."

Nannie ran to the window and untied the package. A beautiful book! She unclasped and opened it and the first thing she saw was grandma's face! Didn't she hug that book to her heart and almost dance with delight?

"Mamma!" she cried, "*do* come here! it's better than tea or sugar, I guess."

Father and mother both came; and there sure enough, were their father and mother, brothers and sisters, little nephews and nieces, duplicates of the dear pictures they thought they had lost forever in the fire. Tears sprang to aunt Carry's eyes. "It seems as if they were all here with us," she said.

And though the great box brimmed over with the best things to supply their needs, they all agreed that grandma's gift afforded the most "aid and comfort" of all. *H. A. B.*

The Carver's Lesson.

Trust me, no mere skill of subtle tracery.
No mere practice of a dexterous hand,
Will suffice, without a hidden spirit,
That we may, or may not, understand.

And those quaint old fragments that are left us,
Have their power in this,—the Carver brought
Earnest care, and reverent patience, only
Worthily to clothe some noble thought.

Shut them in the petals of the flowers,
Round the stem of all the lilies twine,
Hide beneath each bird's or angel's pinion,
Some wise meaning or some thought divine.

Place in stony hands that pray forever
Tender words of peace, and strive to wind
Round the leafy scrolls and fretted niches
Some true, loving message to your kind.

Some will praise, some blame, and, soon forgetting,
Come and go, nor even pause to gaze;
Only now and then a passing stranger
Just may loiter with a word of praise.

But I think, when years have floated onward,
And the stone is gray, and dim, and old,
And the hand forgotten that has carved it,
And the heart that dreamt it still and cold:

There may come some weary soul, o'erladen
With perplexed struggle in his brain,
Or, it may be, fretted with life's turmoil,
Or made sore with some perpetual pain.

Then, I think those stony hands will open,
And the gentle lilies overflow,
With the blessing and the loving token
That you hid there many years ago.

And the tendrils will unroll, and teach him
How to solve the problem of his pain;
And the bird's and angel's wings shake downward
On his heart a sweet and tender rain.

While he marvels at his fancy, reading
Meaning in that quaint and ancient scroll,
Little guessing that the loving Carver
Left a message for his weary soul. *Adelaide Proctor.*

From Wisconsin.

B. R. FALLS, WIS., OCT. 30, 1871.

Dear Myrtle:—Though we are very far removed from the culture of classic Boston in distance, yet by means of steam we are brought very near. A love for you also shortens the distance, for you know that love annihilates space. Working for the same cause also binds us together, for Universalists and Christians are brothers. Though our Sunday School is not very large nor very rich, hardly having enough books to carry on services, yet we were richer than many children in Peshtigo, Wis., who have no homes or clothes, to say nothing of Sabbath School privileges. So, at the instigation of our Superintendent, Judge Gatchell, a collection was taken up for the benefit of the sufferers which amounted to $7.00. A small amount comparatively, and yet not small for us. According to the children's testimony your face is very pleasant to them. *T. C. Druley.*

A Call.

We want more of the young men and women who attend worship in our churches to become members of our Bible Classes. We say that we want them; we say also another word equally true, and that is that they need to take the step, to enter the Bible Class and become students of that Blessed Book which reveals to us the God and Father, the Christ and Saviour of man; which teaches the best and holiest religion the world ever knew or ever will know.

Great numbers of our young men and women are unacquainted with the Bible. They sometimes hear it lightly spoken of by sceptics and loose-thinkers, and they sometimes hear doctrines attributed to it which the good book does not teach. It is for their interest to search the Scriptures for themselves, that they may be persuaded in their own minds of its actual merits.

Again, young persons who become interested in Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and in the study of the Scriptures, are quite likely to be influenced by the truths which they learn. It is one of the first of recommendations for any man that he is deeply interested in the study of the Scriptures. The advantages are all on one side; the disadvantages on the other. Young man or young woman reading this article, are you a member of a Bible Class? If not, go and join one, and become a faithful worker in it; and if you find you are growing worse and not better for taking such a step, please write a note to that effect in the MYRTLE.

Our Daily Bread.

We need God for our helper, we need the supplies of his mercy every day of our lives. In that beautiful prayer which Jesus taught us, there is this passage: "Give us this day our daily bread." This should be a prayer not only for bread to nourish our bodies, but for that bread of God's truth and grace which can make our souls healthful and strong.

David said in one of his Psalms, "Every day will I bless thee." We need to remember our Heavenly Father every day, to realize that he is the gracious giver of every good we receive. We need to study his works which are all around us; we need to seek his guidance in the duties which meet us each day. We daily need his strength when we are tempted to do wrong, or are in any affliction. We need to keep Christ so constantly before us, that we may make each day of life blessed as he did, in keeping ourselves pure, and in seeking to do good to others.

Think then, young reader, of this daily supply which we need of our Heavenly Father.

In General.

AN Englishman once asked, "What thing to admire has America ever done?" An American answered, "She has produced a girl, deaf, dumb and blind, who, with her own hands, did sewing enough to send a barrel of flour to some of your suffering countrymen."

THE Book of Life; it is a great work. Every year is a volume, every month is a chapter, every week a page, every day a paragraph. Study it well.

A LITTLE boy in Lynn wished to have all the pennies and other pieces of money in his tin box go to the sufferers by the great fire in Chicago. The gift amounted to ten dollars—a generous one, indeed.

A STEAM yacht is sailing on the Sea of Galilee; and its beautiful scenery, with its hallowing associations, will soon be as familiar to tourists as that of the Rhine is now.

WERE every man, woman and child in the country to give one per cent. of what they will spend this month for things they can do without and hardly miss them, the amount would rebuild Chicago how many times over.

OF the twenty-five inmates of Kennebec jail, it is found that only one ever attended Sabbath School, and he left the school, when quite young, on the death of his mother.

SOME time since a Sunday School Union was formed in Sharonville, Ohio, by the Methodist, Cumberland Presbyterian, and Universalist Sunday Schools, and monthly meetings are held for the purpose of advancing the Sunday School work in the village and vicinity.

AT a recent meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist church, Mrs. Judd, who is about to go abroad as a missionary, spoke very tenderly of being obliged to leave her little daughter behind. The child who was present brought tears into the eyes of the large audience when she said, "Mamma, Jesus will take care of me, and when I grow up I will be a missionary too."

SAID a poor little girl in the Fourth ward of New York, as she was dying, "I am glad I am going to die, for now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat!" Nothing could be written or thought more simply pathetic.

AT the annual meeting of the Smithshop Sunday School, Drumbo, Ireland, it was state that the school had its origin in the village smithy, where the blacksmith's son—the present worthy superintendent of the school—and another, now in the Far West, though mere boys themselves at the time, some six or seven years since, induced a few little ones to meet on Sunday evenings for instruction. Their humble efforts were persevered in with much zeal and faithfulness; and now the school founded thus by them, has above seventy names on its roll; has a staff of excellent and devoted teachers; is well attended, and is doing a very great amount of good in the neighborhood.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXI.

THE SEVENTY SENT TO PREACH.

"As ye go, preach."

SCRIPTURE, — Luke x. 1–12.

Question. — How many disciples did Jesus send before him to prepare the way for him in places he intended to visit?

Answer. — Luke x. 1.

NOTE. He sent them two by two that they might have sympathy, counsel and encouragement in their work.

Q. — For what did he exhort them to pray?

A. — Luke x. 2.

Q. — What were they not to carry with them?

A. — Luke x. 4.

NOTE. Scrip was a travelling bag made of leather, used by travellers for carrying food and other necessaries. It is said that when devout Jews were about to enter the temple, they laid aside their travelling bags, their purses, their outer garments, their sandals, and their staves, leaving them at the entrance of the temple. The Saviour teaches these men that the world is God's temple and, as they are about to engage in his service there, they go into it as into the Temple of God. The salutations of the ancients were very formal and they consumed much time. Some of them, also, involved the sanction of what was bad. Therefore the Saviour charged them to salute no man by the way.

Q. — What were they to say when they entered a house?

A. — Luke x. 5.

Q. — If the occupant was not peacefully inclined, what would result?

A. — Luke x. 6.

Q. — Were they to go from house to house in any place they might visit?

A. — Luke x. 7.

NOTE. As Jews, they might question whether the food was such as a Jew might eat. Jesus charged them to allow no scruples and to ask no questions, but to eat any food which was placed before them.

Q. — When they healed the sick, what were they to say to them?

A. — Luke x. 9.

Q. — What were they to do if any city would not receive them?

A. — Luke x. 10, 11.

NOTE. The shaking off of the dust signified that the people were so bad that the dust would be a defilement.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of fifteen letters.
My 1, 11, 3, 13, is a son of Jacob.
My 15, 13, 10, is a wilderness.
My 8, 6, 12. 9, is a city where God lived for a time.
My 15, 13, 12, 14, 2, 10, is a tribe of Israel.
My 2, 12, 8, 13, is a king of Israel.
My 5, 2, 7, 8, 15, is a pronoun.
My 7, 8, is an ancient country.
My 12, 6, 15, 4, 15, is a law-giver.
My 1, 14, 12, 7, 9, 1. is a king.
My 1, 6, 13, 15, is a good woman.
My whole is a command of Jesus. *T. C. D.*

Enigma No. 2.

Among the Israelites whose rod
Was made to bloom and fruit by God?
When to the desert they were led
With what were Israel's children fed?
When David came, Goliath to slay
Which brother angry words did say?
My fourth, a mighty hunter see:
My whole doth mean "so let it be." *H. H. D.*

Answers.

Nov. 11. Gustavus Adolphus.

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